



PATRIOTISM FOR REVENUE

Written for The Evening Star.

*** Self-Satisfaction.**

In a spot not yet marked on the African map
Dwells a monarch of dusky hue:
A swarthy, exceedingly amiable chap,
The King of "Bimbazoo."

And he plays a guitar which is made
from a gourd—
The finest, of course, that the land can
afford.

And this is the song
That he carols long
To cheer an admiring and affable horde:

"Oh, Spain may be proud, but she's getting
in debt,
And Italy's off in a pick-a.
And Russia and England annoyance have
met
And Germany's kaiser's quite tickle.
And Austria's emperor thought he resign
And France has a hullabaloo,
So between you and me, I am lucky to be
The King of Bimbazoo."

And they joined in the chorus, most lithe-
ly uproarious,

t'ing from ten cents up, ter reform."
"I am afraid that it is habit that brought
you to this, Bimbazoo habit!"
"Lazooky 'ere, mister. You don't need to
warn me. I'm an acyart of habit as any
body dat travels. I know wot habittil'd
for a man. I had a friends oncet dat got
a job."

"And he lost it?"
"No, sir. He got in de habit o' 'workin'
An' now he don't do nothin' day in an
day out excep' go to work in de mornin'
wot he all day and come at night ter giv
a little sleep so he'll be able to work
nex' day. It's dat way right along, only
on Sunday, an' den dey locks 'im out'n de
shop."

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A Busy Bimbazoo.

Why turn to pages were in print
Through chapters long and deary
Romancers drawl and prate and hint
While men read on aweary?

Here in the crowd where busy life
Brings ruddy hope or pallor
Are knights who win or fall in strife
And ladies worth their valor.

What tales of cunning and deceit
Or

And made their remarks both succinct and sonorous,
As savages sometimes do.
And the king, though his voice in the dia was sunk,
Still smote the strings with a bland "plunk-plunk."
It was plain to see
Some facts brought glee,
From which if civilized they'd have shrunk.
"We cannot pretend to be haughty like Spain,
Nor to Italy's frequent adventures,
Nor England nor Russia's great genius for gain,
Nor Germany's eloquent censures.
We never see Austria's moments of ire
Nor France's exciting ado;
But we're glad to render simple subjects and plain
Of the King of Bismabazoo."

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A Ready Explanation.

Are told as they pass down the street
And disappear forever.
So rest, my book, with your nook
Your spell falls lightly o'er me.
On deeper marvels I would look
That daily pass before me.

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DRINKS WITH THE BOYS.

A Burro Which Has Become Such a Drunkard That His Case Is Hopeless.
From the St. Louis Republic.

Over for a year past Dr. Farrell, the United States veterinarian, who is located in this city, has been the owner of a burro whose appetite for strong drink would shame a levee roustabout. So much trouble did this little brute with a freak appetite give him that he decided to dispossess him in such a manner that the little animal could draw him no more. Yesterday he gave him away to some little friends who live in the West End, and as the place where he will henceforth make his home is

late agent had mud over the lower part of his pantaloons. He looked weary, but his manner of speech had the energy which indignation imparts.

"Is there anything we can do for you?" the agent had inquired when he first entered the office.

"Haven't you done enough?" he exploded.

"Aren't you satisfied? Do you wish to give me knock-out drops and drop me over a precipice? You rented me a house in the suburbs, didn't you?"

"Oh, you are the—"

"Yes, sir; I'm his. I'm the man who was fool enough to look at a map and some pictures and buy a house in the suburbs simply because it was cheap, and I was in a hurry to get settled. I'm the only man I ever heard of who did such a thing. Excuse me for a minute while I sit down here."

Dr. Farrell, who had no one in the family but a son, had hopes for the de-

This strange animal rejoices in the name of "Kiondike." Aside from his being a drunkard his habits are good, and he is a handsome little animal, with the exception of his front legs. His appearance would indicate that nature had been undecided as to how to finish that portion of him and he has in his mind several times while the said legs were being constructed, to have three or four separate and distinct curves, and give him a very ludicrous appearance as he walks. The deformity is very useful to him, as he gets on one of his drunks, for his stagger is often attributed to the shape of his legs.

For about six months after Dr. Farrell came into possession of the burro he kept him in the stable on South Ohio street. One day the burro wandered out of the stable shortly after dinner and did not show up again until late that night.

"He dropped into a chair and looked out the window.
"I'm sure you found everything as represented."
"I'm glad for your sake that you're sure. I wish you could convince me."
"What was your point are you in doubt?"
"You said that I was only three minutes' walk from the station."
"Yes."
"Well, I have timed it both ways: going because I didn't know any better and coming because there was no possibility of getting a conveyance. And you call that weary, toilsome gallop a three-minute's walk!"
"Are you trying to make me think that Amnias was only an amateur?"
"I can't be held responsible for your

"You said 'three minutes' though." "Certainly, sir. But what I had referred to was geographic minutes, each of which is about one-tenth of a degree, or one geographic mile."

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A Verbal Confusion.

The hall was empty, but the door was not locked, and the citizen from the country walked in. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived, and almost dark when a brisk young man came in, and, after a few desultory remarks concerning the methods of the jurors, lit the gas and began to move the plates around. The countryman arose, and shuffled his feet, so as to attract attention.

"Did you wish to see me?" asked the young man.

During the afternoon they talked with whiskey, and he seemed to like him very well. He had accumulated such a jag that he was unable to walk, and laid down to sleep it was about midnight. He woke up in the alley back of Wand's stable several hours later, and was sober enough to make his way to the front door.

Since then he has gone out at every opportunity and got drunk. He finally became so bad that Dr. Farrell felt that he was a danger to his neighborhood. At first he thought of giving him medical treatment, but abandoned the idea, and concluded to send him away from the place where he knew so many drinkers. So the burro was taken to the yard of Watt & Co., at the corner of Jefferson and Second avenues. For awhile he behaved himself and did not get drunk. Finally, however, he made the acquaintance of a lot of customers who would take time to get him gloriously drunk, and then send him

say, I think it was you as I wished to see. But I never havin' seen you before, so's to be sure I can't rightly say."

"Do you wish to join our organization?"

"No," was the answer, in tones of increasing doubt. "I don't want to git into the stock company. All I want is to git a hired man to do chores."

"But, sir, this is not an intelligence office."

"He doesn't have to be intelligent. The trouble with the last one was that he kept me from my work."

"I don't believe we can accommodate

he would sneak out two or three times every week and have to be hauled home in a wagon to sleep off his jag.

Can't Tell Their Husbands Apart.

From the Detroit Tribune.

"Jim Hisey, aged forty-eight, is a prosperous grain dealer in Yale. He has a wife, two sons and a daughter. While Hisey, aged forty-eight, his brother, lives at Sparta. He is also married. The two men

"Now, look here, young man, I didn't come to say you and I don't want you to say anything about me. I'm willing to arrange you want to make for gittin' them there chores off my mind. When I was in my school days, I went to an institution that knows how to tell when it sees it, an' order be encouraged." That sign of your'n, sir, may be your person, but you hadn't got no right to insult people."

"But, my dear sir, our sign has nothing to do with chores."

"What reason? There it is plain as day—c-h-o-r-a-l—sign—an' of a choral society ain't a society for lookin' after the people with the politeness to tell me what it is fur."

The living duplicates of each other. So near alike are they that even their wives cannot tell them apart. They dress alike, their voices are alike and their hair and mustaches have the same color and curl. When they are together, it is enough to tell their parents and teachers how to know the difference. When Jim gets a crick in the neck Will is liable to have the same complaint. When Jim is sick, Will is sick. Jim also gets it precisely in the same place. They were formerly both engaged in the timber business and served an apprenticeship under the same master. They were born in western Ontario, their parents being Jacob and Betsey Hisey. Jim's wife has only one child, a boy, who is named after his brother. He has a slight curve in

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The Force of Habit.

"My friend," said the benevolent citizen, "you ought to break away from your present mode of existence."

"Mister," replied Meandering Mike, "you've sounded de key note of me ambitions. I'm tired o' dis life."

"I'm glad to hear you say so."

"Yes, sir. I've been doin' me best to live on no meals a day fur de last thirty-ah hours, an' I'm willin', wit de help of any-

in full view. Then he must give a password before he is received into full fellowship of the home circle. Many amusing instances of mistaken identity are told of the two.



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Knowledge.

From the Yonkers Statesman.

Yeast—"That boy of Sharpley's is a bright boy, isn't he?"

Crimsonbeak—"Yes; but he'll know more when he forgets a lot that he thinks he knows now."



THE LOST AND FOUND

